

“MAKE-UP” BOOK—HOW TO “MAKE-UP.” A practical guide for Amateurs, with Twenty-three colored Illustrations. Price 50 cents.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. LXXVIII.

OUR GAL:

A

FARCE, IN ONE ACT.

BY

S. D. JOHNSON.

AS PERFORMED BY MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS, IN THE
AMERICAN AND ENGLISH THEATRES.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and
Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the
whole of the Stage Business.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and
Fifty-Six, by BARNEY WILLIAMS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the
United States, for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
38 EAST 14TH ST., UNION SQ.

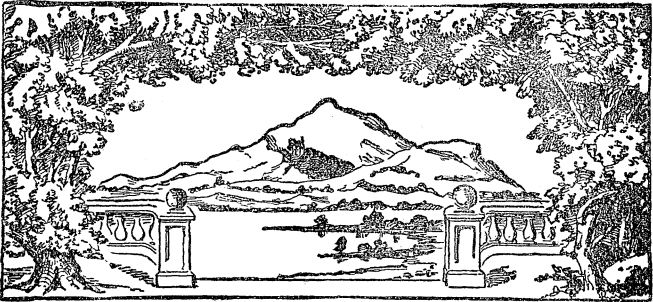
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This is also kept in the large size only. In the centre is a door leading outside. On the left centre is a rustic fireplace, and the right centre is a window. On the wings are painted shelves, &c., to complete the scene. A box scene can be made by purchasing extra wings, as before described, and forming doors on each side. Price, with Border and one set of Wings, \$10.00; with Border and two sets of Wings, to form box scene, \$12.50.

The Drawing Room mounted can be seen at 38 East 14th St., New York. Full directions accompany each Scene.

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PUBLISHERS,	PUBLISHER,
88 EAST 14TH STREET.	89, STRAND.

Cast of Characters.—(OUR GAL.)

	<i>Adelphi, London.</i>	<i>Broadway, N. Y.</i>	<i>Walnut-st., Philad.</i>	<i>St. Charles, N. O.</i>
<i>Edward Mason,</i>	-	Mr. Parselle,	Mr. Fitzgerald,	Mr. French,
<i>Mr. Winterblossom,</i>	-	Garden,	Le Moyne,	Hind,
<i>Henry Seymour,</i>	-	J. G. Shore,	Wallis,	Chaplin,
<i>Sam,</i>	-	Le Barr,	Neel,	Howard,
<i>Caroline Morton,</i>	-	} Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. Barney Williams,		
<i>Mehtable, (a Yankee Gal.)</i>	-			
<i>Mrs. Winterblossom,</i>	-			
<i>Maid,</i>	-	Stoker,	Stoneall,	Johnston,
	-	Graville.		

COSTUMES—All of the present day. *CAROLINE'S Second Dress*, a dun-colored frock, with a short waist, and a gaudy wais³ ribbon, large bonnet red curls.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

* * The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Centre.* L. C. *Left Centre.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Centre Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

O U R G A L .

SCENE I.—*A Chamber in Hotel—Table and two Chairs, c.*—HARRY SEYMOUR speaks outside, L.

Bait the horses and show the lady to a private apartment ; we shall not stay more than an hour or so.

Enter SEYMOUR, followed by Waiter, L. H.

Bring me some cigars and the newspaper. [*Exit Waiter.*] I wonder what can Mr. Winterblossom have sent for his ward, Miss Morton, for? Can he have heard of our attachment, or is he about to unite her to another? I have known her from a child, and now to part with her, it would break my heart. [*Goes up to table and sits.*]

EDWARD MASON speaks outside, L. H.

Rub down the horses and bring me some lunch, I sha'n't stay long.

Enter L.

Edw. Oh! I was not aware that this room was occupied ; I really, sir, must apologise for this intrusion.

Harry. No apology necessary, sir, this is a public room, and—no!—can it be possible?—Edward Mason!

Edw. What?—Harry Seymour!

Harry. Is it really you? I am delighted to see you!

Edw. So am I you. You and I have known each other long enough to dispense with apologies.

Harry. Yes.—I say, Edward, do you remember what fine times we used to have at college? Do you remember your last basket of champagne, how quick it went?

Edw. Yes, and how your box of regalias followed it—what glorious times we had—but come, as boys we shared each other's happiness, now that we are men, let us do the same. But, Harry, I am ruined past redemption, and all my—

Harry. Oh! I perceive you have been jilted by the fair one of your affections.

Edw. No, nothing of the kind ; but a stern father's will separates us.

Harry. Then why not defy all parental authority, and run away with the fair one!

Edw. But it's my father, not hers, that forbids our union.

Harry. How can that be? I thought your father died when you were a little child?

Edw. Yes; but on his death bed he promised an old friend that had an only daughter, that we should be united as soon as we arrived at years of discretion.

Harry. Then, my dear boy, don't alarm yourself, for you will never get married if you wait till that time arrives.

Edw. Come, come, this is no subject to jest upon, for if either of us should refuse we will be impoverished for ever.

Harry. But suppose your guardian should deem the match unequal, or likely to be unhappy?

Edw. Why, in that case, I am free to wed another.

Harry. Who is this fair one that you so much fear to be united to, by Hymen's golden fetters.

Edw. The daughter of a brave soldier who fell in his country's cause.

Harry. But, her name?

Edw. Caroline Morton.

Harry. The devil!

Edw. No, not the devil, but a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, who was placed in an academy in Connecticut at her mother's death, when a child, where she has remained ever since—her own guardian, Mr. Winterblossom, has never seen her. I hear she is beloved by all who know her, who have bestowed upon her the appellation of the Yankee Heiress, or to use the Connecticut phrase, Our Gal.

Harry. My dear Edward, if you marry her, you will not only destroy your own happiness, but mine, for ever!

Edw. How so?

Harry. Why, Miss Morton and myself are greatly attached to each other; I am now conducting her to the house of Mr. Winterblossom, no doubt for the same purpose that you are summoned.

Edw. Don't alarm yourself, if that is the case. I won't marry her; but we must break off the match.

Harry. But how?

Edw. Why, she must oppose me in every thing, and by that means persuade our guardian that all hopes of future happiness are vain.

Harry. That I fear will be impossible, as she is young and beautiful, and calculated to make any man happy.

CAROLINE sings without, 1 R.

Edw. By Jove, a sweet songstress. I must and will see her.

Enter CAROLINE, R. 1 E.

Car. Well, Harry, are you ready to start? Ah! a stranger. I beg pardon.

Harry. This is your intended husband, Mr. Edward Mason.

Car. [*Crossing.*] Sir, I am most happy to take by the hand, the son of my father's old friend. Although I fear you can never possess my heart.

Edw. Miss Morton, I am sure, will not be offended at my telling he

that my heart, like her own, is already engaged; but since fate seems to have linked our lots together, we must try to break the chain, and be united to those whom we truly love.

Car. Break the chain? That, I fear, would be a herculean task, and much beyond my humble ability.

Edw. Not so—our guardian, Mr. Winterblossom, is very urgent respecting etiquette and usages of fashionable society, and has relatives who look with a scrutinizing eye on all those whom he calls friends.

Car. Then I will undertake the task.

Harry and Edw. You!

Car. Yes. Thus stands the case, gentlemen: The agreement was that if either party should refuse, they would forfeit their property; now we must make it appear that the opposing party are of so obstinate a nature that our guardian will oppose the opposing party, and thereby make the contract void and null. Now, then, let us to Court—you go to Mr. Winterblossom's;—do not tell him that you have seen me, nor be surprised at anything I may do, and do not fear that with the aid of love and confidence we will triumph yet.

[*Exit CAROLINE and HARRY, R.—EDWARD, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Front Chamber.*

Enter MR. WINTERBLOSSOM, (R. H.) followed by SERVANT.

Winter. Let me know the moment Miss Morton or Mr. Mason arrives. [*Exit SERVANT.*] I long to see my little ward once more, and to fulfill her father's wish. I have spared no pains or expense to have her educated, and I feel confident that she will make Edward an excellent wife—and well he deserves her.

Enter SERVANT announcing MR. MASON.—Enter EDWARD (L.)—Exit SERVANT.

Edw. My dear guardian, I'm delighted to see you!

Winter. And I you. Prepare yourself, my boy, for I expect your intended every minute. Report speaks highly of her: she is young, handsome, and accomplished, and possesses everything requisite for a good wife.

Edw. I am delighted to hear you speak in such glowing terms of one on whom my future happiness depends.

Enter SERVANT, announcing MISS CAROLINE MORTON.

Winter. Show her up.

[*Exit SERVANT, L.*]

Ser. [*Outside.*] Walk up, madam.

Car. [*Outside.*] Well, I guess I'll do as I like about it.

Enter HARRY, disguised, followed by CAROLINE with bandbox.

Harry. Mr. Winterblossom, I presume?

Winter. Yes, sir.

Harry. Allow me to introduce you to Miss Morton.

Car. Yes—or Miss Caroline Morton, or Caddy Morton—or Our Gall, if you like it better. [*Crosses a*]

Winter. Delighted to see you—this is Mr. Edward Mason.

Car. [*Crosses R.'s*] How de do, chap: you're a pretty slick lookin fellow, but you can't come up to our Connecticut chaps, no how; but say, where is the chap I am going to be spliced to?

Winter. This is the gentleman.

Car. Oh, cream-cheese, is that him! Well, then, you and that other chap had better clear out, and leave us alone to court, for we want to go at it the worst kind.

Edw. [*Crosses to WINTER.*] My dear Mr Winterblossom, pray oblige the lady.

Winter. Oh, my boy, don't think of such a thing; she shall stay here a few days, and then we will send her back to school.

Car. [*Crying.*] I shan't go back to school—I won't go back to school! You told me when I came down here I should have a fellow, and that I should be married.

Winter. [*Who has crossed to her.*] There, there, don't cry, and you shall be married.

Car. [*Laughing.*] He, he, he,—shall I have a live fellow all to myself? Now, then, don't say no more about it. I vow to man, if you don't look as if you had slept outside a barn-door all night, and been dragged through the keyhole in the morning.

Winter. Dragged through a keyhole?

Car. Now, then, don't open that ugly mouth of yours again, or folks will think you've turned yourself into an hour-glass.

Winter. Now, then, go and get ready for the party—[*Aside*],—anything to get rid of her.

Car. Well, I wan't some place to fix up my frame.

Winter. You mean to put on different apparel?

Car. Apparel what?

Winter. Apparel.

Car. Well, appal, any thing you like, so I get a few sticky-out skirty-coats on.

Winter. [*Crosses to L., rings bell, enter maid.*] Show this young lady to a room.

Car. [*Crosses, L.*] How de do, gal? Why, I vow you are all titivated up for the party. Well, I guess I've got a frock about as good as that in my bandbox, this one got all rumpled up in the loco-mokey, when I was coming up to the dipo. Good bye, sir, [*To HARRY*] good bye, you other chap—oh! cream, butter, good bye, old Bunkerblossom.

Winter. Winterblossom.

Car. Well! Wilter-blossom,—go on, gal, I'll be back as quick as you could milk a sucking cow or twist a rooster's neck.

[*Exit, L. 1 E., followed by Maid.*]

Winter. Oh! here's a disappointment. Was it for this that I travelled all over the United States to select the best academy?—why, the girl is a perfect simpleton!

Edw. But, she is very pretty, and I adore a pretty face.

Winter. But she has no accomplishments.

Harry. Your pardon, sir ; but she sings divinely.

Edw. Charmingly.

Harry. She dances superbly.

Edw. Splendidly.

Harry. It may not be the style of your fashionable schcols.

Edw. Fashion ! what has fashion to do with it ? Nature itself seems to lend a sylph-like grace to all her motions.

Winter. But she is unfit for the society that you would mix with.

Edw. Society !—what care I for society ? With Caroline I could live secluded from the world for the rest of my days.

Winter. But, my dear child, think of your family and friends.

Edw. When I marry, it is not to please my friends. To Caroline I give my heart—my hand—my life !

Winter. You certainly cannot think of marrying this girl ? Reflect.

Edw. It is too late. I am madly, desperately, in love with Caroline ; if you tear her from me, you break a heart who adores her.

Winter. Think of her manners, her vulgarity.

Edw. If to her charms some female errors fall,
Look to her face—and you'll forget them all.

Winter. Are you mad ? Think of her awkward walk—her gait—her figure !

Edw. But, her voice is music—her smile a spell—Heaven in her eyes—dignity and grace in all her movements. [Exit R. 1 E.]

Winter. Dignity ?—the devil ! I shall go mad

[Exit, followed by HARRY, R. H.]

SCENE III.—A Drawing-room—C. Door—Ladies and Gentlemen discovered.

Enter MISS WINTERBLOSSOM, C. D., WINTERBLOSSOM, EDWARD and HARRY, R. H.

Winter. Well, sister, have all the company arrived ?

Miss W. Yes, brother ; all but the intended bride and bridegroom.

Winter. Allow me, Miss Winterblossom ; this is Mr. Harry Seymour and Mr. Edward Mason.

Miss W. Which of these children is to marry your ward ?

Winter. This one, my dear. [Pointing to EDWARD.]

Miss W. But, where is Miss Morton ?

Winter. Oh ! she'll be here soon enough, I warrant. [Aside.] I tremble at the idea of her coming.

Enter CAROLINE, C. D., dressed for party.

Car. Gracious sakes ! what have you got here—a camp meeting or a party ?

Winter. This is my sister, Miss Winterblossom, Miss Morton.

Miss W. I am glad to see you, child.

Car. Child ? I am a full grown gal.

Miss W. You are a child, my dear, and will be so for several years to come.

Car. Well, I guess I ain't quite so old as you, you old ca'amaran ;

you've got so many wrinkles in your face, you can't tell where your mouth is—but say, ain't they going to pass round the 'freshments—the pisen things.

Winter. Hush, my dear. Young ladies, in fashionable society, never think of eating at this time in the morning.

Car. I don't care. I ain't going to be fashionable, if I've got to give up my grub.

Winter. Grub!—oh! heavens!—but come, sit down.

Car. Yes; let's squat.

[*Goes up and gets chairs, but Miss W. screams.*]

Miss W. Don't do that, 'tis extremely vulgar.

Car. Well, if it's vulgar you needn't look at it. I ain't going to have this dress mussed up, like I did that other in the locomokus coming up to the dipo.

Winter. Do something to amuse the company; tell us a story.

Car. Well, I guess if I had you down in Connecticut I could do something to amuse you, but just wait till I tell you about Anna Maria Hawkins. You see Anna Maria Hawkins came down to our house, and she had a spick span new dress on with four flounces on to it; well she came into the room and I didn't see her at first, but by and bye I riz up my head and seed them four flounces. I was scared to death, and tickled to, I thought I should have died. Well, Anna Maria Hawkins asked me if I wouldn't go out berrying,—I said, yes; so I put on my sun bonnet, and we went across two fields; we had the basket half full of berries, when I riz up my head and there I saw Squire Hawkins' bull looking right at us; I was skared to death, and tickled to, I thought I should have died. Well, Anna Maria Hawkins ran and I ran after Anna Maria Hawkins, until we came to the bridge. I tumbled right into the water, just like a lump of lead into a barrel of soft soap; well, when she pulled me out, I was jist like a wet wash rag, so I went home and went into the backroom to get some dry clothes on. Anna Maria Hawkins she went into the front room and sat down; by and bye she got up and walked across the room, and I declare if her frock with four flounces wasn't torn all to shivers, you could see the skirty coats sticking out in more nor a hundred places. I was scared to death, and tickled to I thought I should have died.

Winter. Pray favor us with a song.

Car. Well, I will, if you don't look at me. [*To MISS WINTERBLOSSOM.*] Nor you neither.

SONG.—“*Bobbin around.*”

Winter. [*Aside.*] Oh, I can't stand this any longer; I must go and take the air. [*Aloud.*] Pray, excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, and amuse yourselves [*Exit, B. H.*]

Car. Well, I guess we can get along without you, any how. Come, let's have a dance. [*To HARRY.*] Say, will you be my feller.

Har. Certainly, madam, if you require it.

Miss W. My dear child, what induced you to wear that horrid dress, you look a perfect fright in it!

Car. Well, I guess it's better than that faded out old two and six

penny thing you've got on ; you look like a darned old yoe dressed up in lamb fashion.

[*Dance by CHARACTERS.—After dance, enter WAITERS, L. H., with Tray of Refreshments.—CAROLINE goes up, and takes up a Sandwich.*

Car. What on earth is this ?—two hunks of bread with a piece of meat slapped in between them, and not a darned bit of butter. [*She takes a cup of Coffee, and sips.*] Oh, snake's root—how bitter !

[*Pours the Coffee into Sugar-bowl.—MISS WINTERBLOSSOM screams ; CAROLINE upsets the Tray, and Exits, L. H.*

Enter WINTERBLOSSOM, R.

Winter. What is the matter—is the house on fire ?

Miss W. No ; but that horrid girl. She will be the death of me.—She is the most vulgar, outrageous creature I ever saw. Brother, I will positively leave the house, if she don't.

Winter. What shall I do ? I swear that I'll give half that I am worth to get rid of her. But you shall never marry her, Edward, that I'm determined. I will not only give all her fortune, but five hundred dollars to boot, to any one who will take her off my hands—

Har. Do you pledge your word to this, Sir ?

Winter. I do.

Har. Then I, Sir, will offer her my hand.

Enter CAROLINE, L. H., in her own dress.

Car. Which she accepts.

Winter. Why, who is this ?

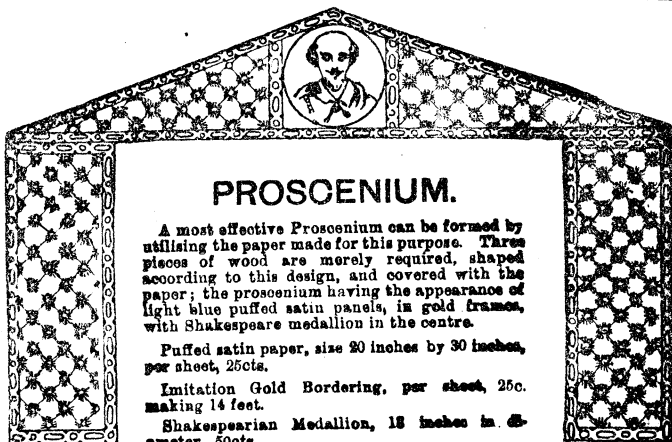
Car. Caroline Morton, Sir.

Omnes. Caroline Morton !

Car. Yes,—a Caroline Morton, who was determined to possess the man of her heart ;—and if the kind friends before us approve my humble efforts to amuse them, the title she would have is that of

OUR GAL.

THE END.



PROSCENIUM.

A most effective Proscenium can be formed by utilising the paper made for this purpose. Three pieces of wood are merely required, shaped according to this design, and covered with the paper; the proscenium having the appearance of light blue puffed satin panels, in gold frames, with Shakespeare medallion in the centre.

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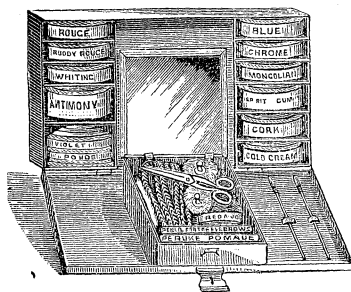
Shakespearian Medallion, 18 inches in diameter, 50cts.

DOORS.—These comprise three sheets of paper each, and can be had either for drawing-room or cottage purposes. Size, 7 feet by 8 feet. Price, complete, \$1.25 each.

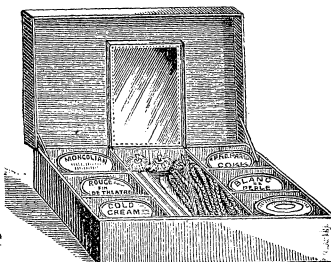
WINDOW.—This is a parlour window formed with two sheets of paper, and could be made practicable to slide up and down. The introduction of curtains each side would make it very effective. Size, 8 feet by 4½ feet. Price, \$1.00, complete.

FIREPLACE.—This is also made with two sheets of paper. The fire is lighted, but should this not be required a fire-paper can be hung over it. It will be found most useful in many farces wherein a character has to climb up a chimney, and many plays where a fireplace is indispensable. By purchasing a door, window, and fireplace an ordinary room scene could easily be constructed with the addition of some wall-paper. Size 3 ft. by 4½ ft. Price, complete, \$1.25.

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Just My Luck	Lancashire Lass	Wedding March
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